a substantial citizen bargaining for a couple of tons of sugar. The soldiers refused to sell him more than the fifty pounds the other customers got. "You want to make money on our sweat and blood?" one said reproachfully. "We would charge you ten kopeks a pound and you would resell our sugar at a ruble a pound? You must be one of Kornilov's gang!"

From Tuapse we could reach Georgia only by sea, via Batum. A military transport, the *Saratov*, was leaving the next morning. The ship had been taken over by her crew, merchant sailors who were operating her as a private enterprise carrying freight and passengers, tramping the Black Sea and picking up business wherever profit beckoned. They had brought the Trabzon regiment, which had paid its way in flour. Now the ship's military revolutionary committee, which consisted of merchant and navy men, intended to exchange the flour for petroleum in Batum.

The sailors were the terror of the Black Sea region. They lived on merchant and military ships like medieval barons in their castles, raiding the shores. A battleship or destroyer would approach a coastal city, fire a dozen shells into it, and send a speedboat with a detail to warn the citizens that the city would be destroyed unless it paid a tribute—so much in foodstuffs and petroleum, so much in cash. The tribute would be paid at once. Often a warship took possession of a city. Supported by ship's guns, sailors would descend on it, arrest or kill the members of the city council, install a "people's government," take hostages, arrest suspects. Prisoners would be brought to the ship to be tried and shot, hung, or drowned.

We hesitated to trust our lives to the Communist crew, but reliable persons in Tuapse reassured us: The Black Sea pirates had a rogue's code of honor and would not mistreat their paying passengers. We went on board the *Saratov* at twilight and left Tuapse in the morning. The sailors looked at our group with unconcealed suspicion—in this region Georgians were known to be Mensheviks. The ship stopped for several hours off Sukhum, a lovely little town on a hillside covered with luxurious tropical vegetation. With other passengers, Emma and I went ashore. The town was deserted, all the shops were closed, all doors locked. Finally, on the outskirts, we found an old man working his orchard. He explained in broken Russian and by eloquent gestures that in the morning the Communists—some twenty men, mainly fishermen and boatmen—had occupied the hall of the municipal council. By noon the council officials threw them out. In the afternoon a cruiser appeared in the harbor and opened fire. Most of the shells exploded in gardens and orchards and little harm was done to the houses, but people expected that after the artillery barrage the sailors would land and ransack the town. Hence they fled to the moun-